


By  
Frances

for

Elizabeth





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# FRAGMENTS

BY  
CAVÉ



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FRAGMENTS

*Cover Design, by Birger Elwing*

The winged globe of Egypt, symbol of the radiant and soaring Spirit: above it, that wonderful sign, the Egyptian symbol of Life, blended of the Cross and the circle of Life Everlasting

IN a far-distant land there stands an ancient temple whose name is unrecorded and whose very existence has been in great measure forgotten. Hewn from the living rock, its vast chambers have endured through the centuries; changeless, immovable as the mountains themselves from whose mighty sides they were made. The journey there lies through the snows of wide trackless mountain ranges; over the sands of arid plains and deserts. Yet no one who ever has been there can fail to remember its beauty;—the marvellous piles of snow-peaked mountains heaped in jagged confusion against the intense blue sky; dazzling in their unaltering glitter of white and silver beneath the flood of the sunlight, cold and silent against the throbbing of the stars. Below, the vast plain stretches its mile upon mile of undulating grass and woodland; encircling the blue of a chain of lakes; threaded, ribbon-like, by the river and streams connecting these; clothed in wealth of

vegetation, and rare profusion of flowers. Near the lower snows I have picked great clusters of that wonderful scarlet flower, splashed against the mountain sides like freshly spilled blood, and with these that other, whose lowly drooping head and stainless purity make it seem part of the eternal snows themselves. One feature of all others I remember,— a glittering peak, erect, finger shaped, which one sees best from the entrance way of the temple. There is almost a leap in the joyful spring with which it rises towards heaven. Bathed first in the rosy flush of the dawn, the golden sunset touches it with final glory, and at night I have crept out to look at it, clear cut against the black of the sky, pointing ever upward. To some of us it stands for much, epitomizing the place and all we may have learned there. For much can there be learned of the deepest mysteries of life and death, and the inmost secret of living. Carved deep upon the walls of the rocky chambers

are Fragments from the Great Books of the Ages and the Wisdom of all times. Sentences, snatches from which have floated to us in our dreams, leaving a song in the heart, shedding a light upon life,—the light that never was on sea or shore,—for it is the light of the soul and of its knowledge. Alas! we have forgotten so many of the things written in that Hall of Learning. Yet I have ventured to record a few of them here, hoping they may awaken echoes in the hearts and minds that read them, and that those who have sojourned awhile in that wonderful, ancient temple, will recall some of the joy they found there; some of the lessons they learned; and above all feel once more, if only in a moment's recollection, the brooding peace which there of all places on earth stretches forth sheltering wings.

CAVÉ.



I





I SAT by the fire mourning the mistakes and failures of the past, with only the ever-watchful "Eye" for company. Suddenly a voice within conversed with me, yet not a "voice" but rather another *part* of me, which put its thoughts within the brain beside my own.

"Regret not what is done and cannot be undone. Lo! while you sit brooding here, gray shapes of doubt, fear and disappointment fly from your brain and lay their weight of care on other minds and so increase the sorrow of the world."

My answer was "If I do not repent what I have done, how shall the lessons of my life's mistakes be graven deep enough upon my soul."

The voice replied "Write them upon your heart in words of *fire*, but with *rejoicing* that you thus have gained further illumination for your way ahead which yet is dimly lit. No weak repiner gains the Gates of Gold, no feeble arm can raise its mighty bars; think you of this and learn your lesson well."

Gold and silver rays flashed through the air. The "Eye" watched closely, and seemed to glow with phosphorent

light. Therefore I turned my thoughts upon the Master, striving to place his face before me.

Then the face of a dear Friend, who is not known on this material plane, came up before me, and my whole heart went out to him.

“Dear Friend,” I thought, “If I could have a moment’s converse with you face to face, as man to man, without a veil between, the force you have would bear me like a mighty tide, to heights I never dreamed of scaling.”

Again the voice spoke, “You know not what you ask; that force you speak of might shake your nature to its very depths. And do you know what demons might fly out from thence to torment and assail you? Are you strong enough for these? But since the soul has power of choice, say for yourself, whether you will or not. But think of this, if for the personal gain you will risk the personal loss, will you risk losing some future power to aid your brothers?”

I felt abashed, ashamed. Beside me I saw a golden light. I closed my eyes and said, “No, I dare not, dear Friend, come not yet!”

BEHIND all striving and seeming, behind all laughter and tears, behind our failures and the successes which are often more disheartening, lie the eternal verities of existence. And by and by, like children weary of playing, we rise and put away our toys. There falls then a hush, a silence, and to many a sense of blank. Suddenly it seems the great tide of life has rushed past us and left us alone. The world which had been so teeming with interests, so crowded with occupations and enjoyments, has, in a flashing turn of consciousness, become a world of shadows; the hands we held so warmly in our own have slipped away; the flowers we were weaving fall faded and unheeded. Why this has come about and how, is part of the mystery, but come it has, and life is no more the same forever.

This is the critical moment, when the weak soul faints and falters and succumbs. But the strong soul crying — At least *I* am! struggles forward, and struggling, finds that he plunges deeper and deeper in the silence and the dark. Still move he must, live he must, terror of unconsciousness goading him, faith

in that one knowledge of his own existence the dim rush light by whose faltering flicker he must seek his way. Since I am, then God must be! his agony wrings from him, and lo! his rush light has grown brighter and the path more clear.

The turmoil of the world lies far behind. Wars may be raging there and nations rise and fall. He heeds it not; the darkness has enveloped him, and the giant conflict of the universe is nothing to him who is struggling madly for his life and freedom, swallowed in its awful gloom.

On, on, oh struggle on. These are the birth throes of the living soul. The toys are put away, the flowers are faded. Yea, but God has other flowers that do not fade, and He has gifts worthy the soul of man.

Out on the sunlit plain the warrior stands, and ministering angels bear to him the blessings of the gods. He finds a new heaven and a new earth, dew dipped in morning freshness. Men of shining mien and eyes of understanding meet him here. Here is no jar nor fret, but a serene stillness full of

rhythmic cadences. A Soul is born. Through darkness and through pain and a wild conflict hand to hand with death, he has entered into life. The Path is found.

A long road lies before him full of steep ascents, but the Companions often are beside him, and in the dazzling mountain distances he knows Who dwells.

I WATCHED the mighty mass of souls sweep onward without ceasing. A roaring filled my ears as of endless torrents, rent by sharp shrieks and curses.

A sulphurous smoke arose; an awful stench. Across the darkness, black and terrible, shot now and then a lurid glare that made the moving horror plainly visible.

My brain reeled. Sick and faint I cried: "Lo, Master, what is this thou showest me?"

He of the radiant face and anguished eyes replied: "This is the stream of human life; study it well."

I caught the faces swiftly passing. Pain and sorrow on each one I read; an awful tragedy. But heart-breaking as these suffering ones appeared, I found a deeper sorrow in the ones that spoke of joy.

"This is the maelstrom of man's life," the Master said, "in which he lives, from which he fears to die, to which he hungers to return. Here lies our task: to show a way out of this hell, to make men wish to walk in it when shown."

"Appalling is the work!" I cried aghast.

“Yea, verily,” the clear voice answered me, “but verily it must be done.”

I looked above to the deep vault of heaven, gemmed with its myriad stars. A cool air blew, as from some snow-clad mountain's summit, laden with fragrance and with peace. But knowing what must be, and nerved by the Master's smile of tenderest compassion, I plunged into the maelstrom far below.

IN an hour of darkness and discouragement, when the struggle of the outer life and the anguish of the inner life seemed more than the trembling soul could bear, I heard a voice. From afar off it sounded, and yet clear, distinct, —not a syllable lost.

“Hearken to these my words, O soul, and evermore remember. Abides in the heart of every man an inner power, a life. There no sorrow dwells, nor death, nor fear of these. Peace broods above and joy ineffable fills all the atmosphere. Know this inner place to be your home, exiled from which the soul drinks deep of sorrow,—is defiled by sin. That home is *yours*. Find it, and living there, a peace will come; peace for you and all you love. The gateway of pain bars the entrance, but courage! —and pass on. This is a reminder of things you know, but the dark hours need such.

“Remember also, the sunshine streams on all, but he gains most who has most power of appreciation. I charge you therefore having known the peace, to fear no pain. I charge you seek the spiritual sunshine and expand there, as the flowers in the sunlight of



the earth. Desolation belongs to a lower plane of consciousness; rise you to higher ones that you know well, where the smirch of materiality is not, nor the discords with which you often echo back our divine harmonies."

I WENT up into the mountain to commune with my own heart, and stood there looking at the stars. It was still, there; so still, I heard the inner voices, and felt the unseen presences. One came to me whose face I knew, and said:

“Look forth upon the earth below. What seest thou?” and following the pointed finger of my Master, I saw one little distant spot which, as I gazed, became a glow of brilliant golden light.

From this long rays went forth, and wherever these rays touched, another fire sprang up. And as I looked about me in wonder, light answered light until the whole world seemed aflame. I heard my Master's voice.

“I sent for thee to come up into the mountain to learn this thing. Lo! all this illumination from one pure devoted heart, working unknown, careless of results, loving the work for the work's own sake, with eyes fixed ever higher.”

And as I came down from the mountain I whispered to my heart, “In the fulness of time,” and the inner voices answered me murmuring in the night wind, issuing from the hushed trees and flowers which always understand, “The time *is* full.”

THE SOUL SPEAKETH: Out of the far past I come to you, bridging the distance you have placed between us, in the majesty of my power, in the effulgence of my glory, in the sternness of my displeasure.

I am He whom you have denied and turned against; you have crucified me between two thieves. Yet am I also mighty in my compassion, and therefore turn I not away from you — Oh! reflection of myself.

For though you have soiled the divine image in which you were made, preferring to herd with the animal in you rather than to walk the starry spaces of the sky; yet I, who am yourself, return again and yet again, and so forever will return, until at last you see and follow me.

For Eternity is mine and the days thereof, and I can afford to wait the fulfilment of my desires.

God, from whose Spirit I came forth, knows me for what I am, and I stand between you and the Radiance of His Sight, whose least beam would wither you to dust.

THIS is a vision that came to one, watching, and that others may be aided by it as he was, it is recorded here.

He knelt in the Holy of Holies of a Temple, where there were flowers and perfumes and beautiful objects, strains of distant music, harmonious, divine, and tinted lights from jeweled windows. Dim and shaded was the place, making all mysterious and more delicious still.

A long, long while he knelt there, in an ecstasy of adoration, his soul filled with the wonder and joy of it. But lo! he looked up, and all this had vanished. It was cold and empty and full of grey light, and the pain of the revelation was overwhelming. He fought and struggled, but in vain, and after a while, seeing it was useless, he rose and went out.

On the Temple steps he met an old friend, smiling kindly and affectionately, and saying, "You have been a long while. I have been waiting." The friend did not see his tears, nor notice how bowed he was with suffering. "Come," he said, "we shall go together."

So they went away together, but always on his heart lay the pain with crushing weight, and day by day he

went back to the desolate Temple to pray and try to understand.

Once, as he knelt there in the cold and barrenness, he heard a Voice; and after that each time the Voice grew stronger and sweeter, always soothing and comforting, and gradually filling him with all the old joy, only fuller, deeper, more intense.

One day he said, "It is only a Voice, it has no form." And the answer came, "Surely, how could there be form here?" Then he said, "I used to think there was form." "That was your fancy and ignorance," was the reply.

Then he cried out, "Is there always to be pain!" and the answer came softly, softly, "Yea, until the lesson is learned."

He wept bitterly but through his tears came a great strength, and by and by he understood.

ONCE I heard a soul crying "Light, give me light: I perish in the darkness!" Of all cries, this is the most terrible a human heart can hear, for only two can answer it: God, and the man himself. So we who heard it watched and waited, praying and knowing not when the end could be, but knowing there would be an end: watched and waited through the long, long days, the hours of which dropped like scalding tears into the lap of Time: watched and waited through the long, long nights when, like those beside the dying, we sickened for the dawn, and, when the dawn came, shuddered at its pallid face and craved the night again.

At length one day God spoke, and we, who knew that He had spoken, rose and went each one his way, peace in his heart.

But what God said, only that soul can tell.

II





AMBITION is the first curse, as I have said before; the subtlest, the most dangerous of temptations. For let the disciple bear this well in mind: on each plane or condition that he enters, the same vices, the same defects must be faced and overcome, in the form belonging to that plane or condition. Here is a pitfall into which many have fallen, and which I would have all avoid, were it only possible. Some failing is met and conquered on a lower plane, ambition for instance, or else fails of effect there. The man thinks himself done with it, and rightly perhaps, for in his present condition he is. But another day, another moment, and he enters another condition, unconsciously to himself maybe—for so all the earlier initiations are passed—and then the defeated monster returns in a new form, unrecognizable because of its strangeness. And the disciple is overcome ere he is aware, usually not knowing until afterwards of his defeat. Therefore is it written on the walls of the Hall of Learning:

“This is a battle seeming without end, in which the disciple sees himself alone with enemies on every hand.”

But take heart of grace, oh! trembling

one, there is an end, whose glory passes knowledge. The true battle-ground is the heart: there the disciple has fought and won at last, before it appears outwardly. In confusion lies the great danger, the confusion which warps and blinds the mind, and weakens the faith. Swift, clear, intuitive knowledge must cut the cord of difficulty, and with true faith for shield and honesty of purpose for an armor, well armed thou art, and standest ready for the direst foe. The thoughts of quiet hours, of calm days and serene nights are upon you in the conflict and their influence never lost. One hour of holy meditation has won many a fight of later years. All past aspirations keep guard around you, mingled with the prayers of those whose love acts as a shield about your life. I bid you then press on and on to victory. Fear not, have faith serene and courage dauntless.

WHAT mistaken ideas are held regarding the personality. If you could only take it to be all that in yourself you do not like, all that you feel to be unworthy, that you wish was not there, all that you know, *deep in your heart*, obscures and trammels you! That puts another aspect on it, does it not? I have spoken to you of impersonality before, that it is not the cold abstraction many take it for. No wonder, so feeling, they fear it and flee from it. Who would wish to deprive life of all warmth, all colour, all energy, all force! Occultism teaches no such thing. It is a hideous fancy. Occultism wishes, on the contrary, to give more, and sets so high a value on these things, that the whole force and power of them must be transformed to a higher, and therefore more *enduring* plane. They must not be frittered away and lost in illusion and darkness. Let them be *living* things, not dead ones. We want *men* to work for us, not mummies!

We want the full strength and vigor of the nature—the blaze of ardour—not a feeble flicker. And we want this all carefully garnered, tended and controlled. Dangerous weapons these, in

unskilled hands, for they cut both ways. Therefore the hand must be skilled, and discipline and training alone will do that. But be vigorous, be strong, not passive! I get so tired of these humble, washed-out disciples, who have not strength enough to stand on their own feet, and who simply shut their eyes ecstatically, and sit there! What will they ever accomplish? Nothing, until they are waked up and shaken out of that condition.

YOU must learn to accept with patience the circumstances of your life. It is not for you to attempt to alter them, but to accept them quietly, and bring out of them all the good possible for yourself and for others. The circumstances really do not matter, since in any we can accomplish our destiny.

You must not be overborne by discouragement; that arises when results are sought for, and results are not your affair.

PEOPLE are like circumstances. You cannot make them over. Accept them. The only way in which you can hope to influence them is by what you are. Accept that also. In other words, disregard all these things, as having to do with the two factors which do not concern you,—circumstances and results; then work ceaselessly, zealously, with endless love and sympathy for all the good you can see.

REMEMBER, moreover, that only to those who are deaf is life a cry; — it is a song; and if this be true of life in general, it is also true of life in particular, of your life and of theirs. We are closest to the heart of things when we are happy! — when in spite of trials and adversities a fountain of joy and gladness springs within us. The trials are ephemeral and will pass; the joy is immortal and divine, and endures forever. And when I say “accept,” I mean no passive condition, but rather what St. Paul implied, when he said, “*Let us lay aside every weight* and press toward the mark.”

I HAVE no use for the religion that does not make a man cheerful and happy, nor that does not enable him to do his work gladly and carry his burden lightly. It is not the higher side of us that suffers from melancholy, surely not the higher side that encourages or indulges it. The melancholy man is the weak man, invariably. Cheerfulness is one of the hallmarks of force. That Kingdom of Heaven which lies within us is a place of peace and joy, and when we have found it and live there, we not only experience these, but also express them. Believe me, a man's faith can usually be measured by his happiness.



SEEK not satisfaction, seek wisdom. Satisfaction is the result of wisdom, and in seeking it we seek results, which is contrary to the Law. Who can attain to freedom and not abide by the Law? Satisfaction matters never. "He that loveth his life shall lose it."

IF you have patience and devotion you will understand these things, especially if you think much of them and meditate on them, for you have no conception of the *power of meditation*.

BEWARE of anger, beware of vanity, beware too of self-depreciation; these are all lions in your path. Live each day, and each moment in the day, by the light within, fixing your gaze upon it with faith and love. When the hours of darkness come and you see it not, wait in patience and contentment, knowing it still burns and that when morning dawns, if your watch has been constant, you will see it burning, perchance more brightly than before. "The darkest hour is before the dawn;" grieve not therefore nor feel one moment's disquietude. Your lamp is lit, tend it faithfully, it matters not that the outer eyes do not behold it. Those who know and love you can always see it, and it may also be shining in some other heart which as yet has no light of its own. . . .

THE Lodge waits and watches ever, and ever, ever works — think you not we have patience?—and those who serve us must do the same. You are right, no detail is overlooked. Life is made up of details, each a step in the ladder, therefore who shall dare say they are “small!” . . .

We are closer than you know, and love and thought bring us still nearer.

Kill out doubt which rises within; that is not yourself, *you know!* The doubt is a *maya*, cast it aside, listen not to its voice which whispers low, working on your lack of self-confidence. Therefore I say have neither vanity nor self-depreciation. If you are the Higher Self, you are all that is great, but since your daily consciousness is far, far below, look at the matter frankly and impartially. . . . Vex yourself not with contradictions. You know that you must stand alone; *stand* therefore! . . .

Keep yourself *high*, and strengthen your faith. . . .

*By your own supreme act of faith, you must claim and hold these things.*

LET not Humility, that tender presence, become a stumbling block. In so doing you sin against the Higher Self.

CLOSER insight gives heavier responsibility—do not forget that—and a responsibility which affects others more than it does yourself. See to it then that the outer does not obscure the inner, for your lamp must be carried aloft for others to see, or not seeing it, continually to feel. . . .

Do not confuse the outer with the inner therefore. Though the outer be full and rich, remember it is so because of the inner *shining through*, and look ever back to that which shines. No sorrow, no disappointment lie there, but a fullness of realization of which you have no conception and a power and strength which shall lift you above these confusions to a sure place of your own. You have been too harsh with your lower nature; that leads to dangerous reactions. Quiet, steady effort is far better, casting aside all thought of results. Treat your mind as a child, lead it firmly but gently and in all ways and at all times strengthen your faith.

YOUR instrument must not be like another's instrument — no need to duplicate these. It is your special kind which is needed and wherein you differ from others is not where you fail, but where, if perfected, you may do your own special work which they cannot do.

THROUGH these tears of blood you will learn; through this suffering you will gain the power to aid your fellows. What to you is the approbation or disapprobation of any one? Work and wait on and all will be well.



SINK into the very depths of your being ;  
you will find all there. Be a follower  
of no man ; follow the inner voice.

THE truest happiness is to be found in the deep *interior* study of the great mysteries of nature and life, seeking thus to find the best manner in which the soul may express itself, and in a constant fulfilment of this manner of expression when found. If they can be taught to see and feel this, and the true meaning of it, the work is done. Labor therefore to accomplish this in yourself, for we can teach others only what we ourselves know, and this knowledge is one with experience. The divine light burns for all: take your part of it, and illuminating first your own heart, the power will then be yours to illuminate others. Remember, words are not needed. In the silence these things are done. Those in whose midst you may live, quiet and unknown, will have the radiance cast upon them merely by your presence. It is not what you say and do, but what you *are* that tells, and that will leave its ineffaceable mark upon each character you meet as upon all time. The Soul desires to express itself in its reflection, your life. So live that it may do so. So think and act that you may become a channel for higher things to descend to the lower planes.

MEDITATE on things you want to know.  
. . . Seek all knowledge within yourself, do not go without. You understand what is meant by this; not that books should be neglected, but that information obtained from them should be *drawn within*, sifted, tested there. Study all things in this light and the most physical will at the same time lead to the most spiritual knowledge.

DUTY is not an ogre, but an angel. How few understand this. Most confuse it as they do conscience.

SORROWS, crosses, these are our opportunities, could we but see it so. But he is far along who does so see it. He has attained who fully realizes it.

THE Lodge force working in a pure devoted heart sets free the soul and lets it speak. The eternal verities resound forever upon the spiritual planes, and when the mind is pure and will hearken, the soul echoes them.

WHAT of the darkness? What of the light? They are one to those who see. How plain these matters are in higher moments, how drearily obscure at other times. This will show you the value of higher moments, perhaps, and what those always living in them enjoy.

Be what you love. Strive after what you find beautiful and high, and let the rest go. Harmony, sacrifice, devotion, take these for key-notes, express them everywhere and in the highest possible way. The beauty of a life like that, the power of it, who can measure or set bounds to?

CAN you not live so as to feel the great throbbing heart around you, so as to express that feeling in even the smallest detail? Let there be nothing cold or cynical in your view of life. Sense the pathos and the pity of it, trusting that some day to your now darkened eyes the mystery and the pain will be untangled. Feel, feel, with everything that cries, with everything that suffers, and in even the most broken fragment of a life, find some beauty. Let your own quivering heartstrings teach you the anguish in other hearts, and live to ease it. Pain is our best teacher. Do not dread or flee her therefore, she comes in mercy. Go forth to meet her, trembling perhaps, but reverently, patiently, unflinchingly; only so can the lesson be learned, and from the dark hours spent with her a light shall arise, showing the way to stumbling feet, giving the power to comfort and console. And in the peace of that your heart shall understand and be satisfied.



How much misinterpretation and misunderstanding there is regarding these things, and by the most enthusiastic, the most devoted souls, whose emotional intensity, driving them along, blinds them utterly, and in the *full chase* of new experiences they see not that they are following only their own desires, and again losing the substance for the shadow. It *is* discouraging, and yet the forces thus generated can be used for higher ends, and the good intention of the deluded one counts for him. But remember, O disciple, that in the silence these things are performed and recognized and in the silence alone. Few indeed understand how complete that silence must be, few save those who have at some time known the peace of it. All *excitement* is *psychic*, and though these whirlwinds of force descend, you must learn to hold yourself still in their midst, feeling neither attraction nor repulsion, else chains are forged to draw you to them. There are some who need this lesson badly, all more or less. . . . The great force acts dually and you must stand *still*, not passive or inactive but unswayed. You must learn to take psychic emotions in hand as well as physical. . . .

Hold your purpose and your ideals clearly and steadily before you. Desiring truth you shall surely have it, intending righteousness you shall surely so perform, though all things seem to conspire against you. In times of confusion and difficulty rest upon that, and you may then unshaken see no agreement, no light ahead. . . .

I MEASURE the height, not merely the  
depth of a soul, by its stillness.

X

PRESERVE harmony in your own soul and it will flow out to all others, for its effects are more powerful than you understand, and more far reaching.

Sink all thought of self, all personal ambition, the small jealousies and suspicions that mar the heart's melodies, in love of the work and devotion to the cause.

Listen to the great song of love, compassion, tenderness; and losing yourself in that, forget these passing shadows. United, harmonious, your power is limitless; without them we can do nothing.

See to it then that your tone in the great instrument be pure and clear, else discord will result. Behind all our pain and suffering, shadows these, lie the divine harmonies of Reality. These seek, and finding lose not.

THE divine harmony of the Lodge surges through our hearts in mighty waves, will we but listen.

In hours of meditation seek it, listen to it, it faileth never; and a Power and Peace will be yours, unspeakable, divine.

From this, knowledge arises, knowledge of things spiritual, the *gift of tongues* and *the healing fire*.

This is the Song of Life in which all Nature joins, for reaching the heart of Nature, we reach the heart of all, and read therein the most sacred mysteries of being.

Fail not, falter not in the endeavor to hear this always. Remember that the cries of suffering and of pain which so constantly reach your ears, are but the discords which make the music finer, discords only to the untrained ear. And some day the whole grand symphony it will be yours to listen to; hearing it first in your own heart, and from thence in the heart of the whole world.

O suffering, struggling Humanity! whose eyes know only tears, whose ears hear only discords, blind and deaf, an infinite compassion broods above you.

Awake and hearken. The inner voices echo a harmony sublime. Cease

your conflict for an instant's space and  
you will hear a promise of salvation.  
Peace and power are yours, peace divine  
and power all powerful.

Lo! your deliverance has come. The  
Light shines out, the hour is at hand.  
Nature calls aloud with all her voices.

Humanity shall sweat and toil no  
more in vain. Men's feet shall be set  
upon that path which leads to glorious  
heights Nirvanic.

THERE are two ways in which to gain occult information: one is to need it for further advance, to be unable to advance without it; the other is to need it for another, to receive it for another's information. In either case it is in answer to a *need*.

There is but one test of character,—the effect we produce on others. It is a solemn thought, and one worthy our deepest consideration. Each creature we contact must be left the better for that contact, must have received inspiration and an impulse towards a higher life. In our atmosphere they must breathe the air of lofty altitudes, and catch glimpses of the heavenly glory. It matters little what you may say, for through your words another voice is speaking—the voice of your Inner Self.

“Am I my brother's keeper?” Yea, verily. And if you will not receive it now, Karma will prove it you in time. There is no eluding this primary duty. What we are determines it, not what we do. Our mere presence in a room leaves its ineffaceable imprint upon that place, influencing not merely those immediately present, but in varying, though exact degree, all who may thereafter enter

X it. Realize fully that the uttermost parts of the universe are different because you are in existence.

You will be humble, not proud, if this stupendous idea once possesses you, though the divinity within will rise with added power from its stimulating contemplation.



WAIT, and while you are waiting, observe, pray, and neglect no labour. However small or trifling it may seem, if true, and performed in the spirit of consecration, it is worth the doing. So life becomes luminous and the tangles straighten out. And the complex becomes simple.

Never mistrust nor suspect any one. If you are deceived, God will reward you by giving of your goodness to the offender. So that in time he will repent and change.

The experiences of life come slowly, one by one, each carrying its lesson and its promise, will you but receive them. These are the true mile-stones, not the years; and a man's age must be reckoned in terms of feeling and knowledge. He has drunk of the Fountain of Youth, who having known, felt, and experienced all, still retains his freshness of heart, and who meets death with the dew of the morning on his face. For such there is no death; and of such children is in truth the "kingdom of heaven."

HOLD yourself ready always to surrender everything — Love, yes; you should never cease from loving, but do not permit the tendrils of your heart to be so entwined about anything in your life or circumstances that you are not ready instantly and courageously to surrender it when the demand is made. The human heart must not be dulled nor inured by pain; do not let your shrinking from the trials put upon you tempt you to this idea. You are not to feel *less*, but *more*. Not to suffer *less*, but *more*. You are to perfect your endurance and learn absolutely to surrender your heart and will in the moment of keenest agony.

ONE faulty attitude of mind which prevents the ordinary man from right living, is the rigid division of time into past, present and future. There is in reality only the present, which contains the past, in that in each moment we are the result of all that has gone before, and the future, in that every day is coloured by the hopes of what is to come. We are therefore perpetually experiencing all three, but to do so rightly they should be viewed as a coherent whole, and not with the break between which the illusions of material existence engender. Strive to consider things in this complete manner, and make daily thought thereby more harmonious and consecutive. The illusion of time is one of the greatest of illusions, greater even than that of space or distance,—a facet of the gem of Mara that blinds our eyes the most. Exercise the mind in this steadiness of aspect, as you would the hand for some delicate task; for the art of living is of all arts the most delicate, requiring perfect equipoise for even fair accomplishment. The illusion of time disturbs the fixedness of the will, and the one-pointedness of individual consciousness.

EVERY moment has its duty, and in the faithful performance of that duty you will find the satisfaction of your life. It may lead you to great achievement, or never beyond the humdrum monotonies of common existence. What matters it to you? The surface of things has no part nor lot in your considerations. That which lives when all else has passed away is the desire with which the man was working, not the results he accomplished. The good he loved and served endures forever; the good he strove to do more often dies. You who have learnt somewhat of paradox will not mistake me here.

Meditation is not inaction; he who thinks so errs. But that which lives in action is the motive and the desire. The form it took passes, as all form must, but the soul of it reincarnates and fills with power and radiance all other forms that spring therefrom.

In entering the higher life the disciple finds a great stillness, for his meditation is his life, not his deeds: and when with heart and mind and full consciousness he grasps the significance of this idea, then indeed he beholds a new heaven and a new earth.

IN the silences of a deep, strong life, lie great wells of force, and all who approach that life bathe therein, whether consciously or unconsciously. It is enough for you if you can find such to be within yourself, enough to keep its waters pure and sweet,—let them say what they will. For this is the truest teaching, the teaching that endures, and without it all words or acts are valueless. That which you live, all men in time will know. And its power over them will be greater as they find it within themselves—not emanating from you or any other source. The flowers growing on the river's bank owe their life to its refreshing flow, but the river considers them not, content to fulfil the law of its being and seek the ocean. Thus we often do most for others when we are not thinking of it, but striving merely in each moment for what is best and highest. The good, therefore, streams through us, and accomplishes far more by such impersonality. I would have you desire, then, that good should be accomplished, rather than that you should accomplish it.

THE Truth is One, Unchangeable, Eternal; the kernel of all that is; that which no falsehood can hide. Nothing can be added to Truth, nor aught taken away, nor can any effort of men or gods affect it. From everlasting has it been and thus will be, existing ere the worlds were called to being, continuing to exist when worlds have passed away; for Truth is the very life of God. And yet this Truth is as various and many hued as the minds beholding it, and no two minds can ever see it just the same. Realize therefore that all these truths are merely aspects of the One, and so considering them, concern yourself therewith no more. Seek not this truth nor that, but your own truth—that truth which lives in the depths of your own nature, which only you can find, and whose finding is the purpose of your being. For as Truth is the life of God, so your truth is the life of your own soul, and that life is your heritage and immortality. These are the “living waters,” the “waters of eternal life.”

See only that you drink from the fountain head, not from below where the pure stream is tainted by the fancies and the follies of the lower mind. And

having drunk, learn charity, and mark that as your brother's truth exists not for your soul, so yours does not exist for him, and yet that at their heart they both are one, it matters not how diverse they may seem. For Truth is One, Unchangeable, Eternal.

WHAT to you is the meaning of Life, O seeker after immortality? What does it mean to you to live forever, and measure existence by Eternities, not years? Truly, you lift your head among the stars, and call yourself "sky-walker," for you sit in the assemblies of the gods, and hold creation in the hollow of your hand. Yet, though I would ask you of those lofty journeys, and of the converse that you held, and of the music of the spheres, and of what the Planetary Spirits taught you, you cannot tell me, for the "I" within you, meshed in the world of shadows, driven like a leaf before the storm in the dust of physical existence (ashes of the burnt-out fires of the past) wits not of these great events. All memory of Life has been forgotten in the strain and stress of living, and all belonging to you of the Real and True, is but the echo of your dreams.

When, therefore, waking life becomes to you a dream, and dreams take on the vividness of conscious thought, know that your soul is budding in the garden of Eternal Life; that the Spirit in its golden Triangle, with outstretched wings, broods close above, and that the



mystic moment dawns, when basking in the great effulgence of that golden Glory, the bud will open to the perfect flower, and immortality be won. Then the "sky-walker" does not walk but fly, bestriding Kala Hamsa, the Great Bird. Thus life is given up, and Life is gained.

THE powers of the soul are very different, and the possession of psychic powers is more often a hindrance than an aid in their acquirement.

The soul does not see with the psychic eyes any more than it does with the physical eyes. Nor does it hear with the psychic ears. For the acquirement of spiritual knowledge, the first step is conquest over self, the mastery of one's instruments both physical and psychic on all the planes. The door of spiritual knowledge remains irrevocably shut, save to him who has attained this mastery, for he alone is able to "knock."

III



IN the great silence that has fallen on the world to-day some find cause for discouragement. The outer voices that have spoken to them in the past, now are hushed; the lights of guidance or of warning, formerly fixed along the pathway, shine no longer. It seems as though all life had ceased, and a world in which they lived awhile had suddenly been swallowed up in darkness. Some unable to endure the change rush back with beating hearts and quickened breath to leave the Terror far behind, and in the noise and glare of outer life to drown the haunting recollections of their loss. I would not say but that many of these are wise. They still *need* outer life; and in saying they follow interior guidance may be quite correct. The soul seeks ever what it needs. Others again do not require the discipline of worldly life, but further psychic experience. This they can always find, and they gravitate naturally towards one of the many psychic centres of the day, each one of which offers some features differing slightly from the others. Looked at from the broadest view-point all this is good. It must be so, if we free ourselves from all sectarianism, and

consider matters as we should from the one aspect of the evolution of the soul. Into every question with which we deal enter the pairs of opposites. Regarding either of these alone we will never make reasonable decisions. Only by taking both — one in the light of the other — can we reach just conclusions. Hence the occultist — or may I say the tyro in occultism — must possess the power of seeing both sides of a question, — his own and his opponent's, and base his decisions upon an impartial review, quite uncoloured by personal prediction. This wider outlook, if attained, would end once for all much existing confusion in the minds of many sincere and worthy people. Having conscientiously learned that one thing is right, another wrong, one thing true and another false, they feel in duty bound to embrace and further one, to condemn and overthrow the other. ) But the soul will be bound by no such considerations: it seeks Eternal Verities, not passing ones; and realizes that we learn as much from failure as success, as much from our sins as from our virtues. ) One standard alone it holds, the honesty and purity of motive, and impelled

by that, it goes through all places fair and foul alike. It has been many times stated that he who once became part of this great evolutionary movement, called by some the Theosophical Movement, could never leave it, and that no resignation, no denial of obligations undertaken, no denunciation of it even, could affect the basic fact of his connection. There is the true side to the old Puritan doctrine of Election by Grace, as the man born of a certain family remains a member of that family by the insuperable fact of such birth, even though he repudiate it or be repudiated by it. This works both ways of course, and until he be born again ("except a man be born again") the outsider remains an outsider no matter what name he bears or what position he takes.

These points fully understood and considered, it would appear then that there is no need for confusion or alarm. The man who rushes back to the world, is not to be grieved over. He doubtless gained all he could while in our ranks, and now needs different training. Neither is he to be mourned who is snatched up in a psychic whirlwind and carried off before our eyes. Some one

is carefully directing his course, we may be sure, and he will receive just the schooling he needs. Those others again who remain faithful but trembling, holding on desperately, but often with sinking hearts,—why such strain? They too will follow out the pathway of evolution and development planned by their own souls and the Directors of those souls, and serene in this faith in God's providence, humbly conscious of their honest intent, they may calmly pursue their way though nations fall, though continents rise or sink; realizing that all is provided for, that no detail is overlooked or forgotten, the very hairs of our heads being numbered.

All we need is earnestly to wish to learn and we shall learn; truly to seek the right and we shall find it; to love holiness and it will be ours. For every one "that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."



THE first thing a Theosophist should do is *to form an ideal*, not a vague, far-away something, which he may half regretfully, half complacently believe to be impossible of attainment; but a definite, clear-cut object, varying, of course, according to the temperament and character of the man who makes it. What it is matters not, so long as it be higher and better than that which he has and is — and so long as he concentrates the full power of his nature upon its realization. As the man so working attains this ideal, he will find growing out of it another correspondingly higher, and so on indefinitely — as far as human thought can reach. In this manner a steady, consecutive growth will be ensured. He will not be one of those giant weeds that spring up in the night, only to wither when the noonday sun pours full upon it. The ideals of too many are so: born of emotion alone, nourished in a psychic hot-bed, and usually a source of gravest danger if not of ultimate destruction. Nature works slowly and surely, not by leaps, and we have been told to study nature and work with her. The cases we see of sudden unfoldment are those where growth has already

taken place, and the soul, with all its stores of knowledge and experience, attained in the past, finally succeeds in commanding the personality. Those of us who believe in Masters and look to them as perfected men, have an ideal already formed to work towards; those who do not, can find innumerable types of noble and elevated thought, character and life. But the main point is that the ideal must be clearly defined, ardently desired and unfalteringly striven for. And in the fullness of time the step attained, he will see that "wherever we stand there are always higher peaks of effort still towering beyond, lost in the mists of cloud;" as one who has traveled this path has sent us back word.

ONE question asked of me repeatedly is: How shall I find the Masters ?

To this question, there is but one answer: Obedience; yet, when I make it, more often I am met with doubtful glances and sad shakings of the head. Nevertheless, though such a dark saying to many, it is the only answer I can give—as all who know the Masters testify. Implicit, unwavering obedience, unflinching, undying devotion. As I write these words, so full of inspiring hope and courage to the disciple, I hear the clamour of your thoughts: What is this but a return to the superstitions of olden times? What difference between this and the Roman Catholic Church? Would you have us surrender our minds and our wills?—we who have been told to stand alone, to accept nothing upon faith, to make our own decision always!

Yes; in the face of your clamour, I repeat my words. And moreover I answer you, paradoxical as it may seem, that between what you say and what I say, there lies no contradiction whatever. Further than that, what I say contains what you say, in its truest, completest sense. And this paradox is

one of the first things you must learn, in order to approach the Masters.

To be practical and explicit, I will show you the beginning. The first step you have been learning — Isolation: Stand Alone. Think for yourself, Take no man's word, nor oath, Know only that which you yourself have knowledge of, which you yourself have tried and tested. Clumsily, indistinctly, you still have grasped the underlying truth of these words. Now consider the other side—Obedience. Do not try just yet to reconcile these two states of mind. Merely postulate to yourself: They are in reality one; later I shall understand why and how. Meanwhile, to put aside apparent contradictions, and to experiment thoroughly with this next step, are my means of reaching full comprehension of my subject. Surely any teacher may ask so much of a pupil without appearing to assume unduly, or to demand too great surrender? And, as your teacher, for the time being, I do ask just this in your mental attitude. If I mislead you by any chance or error, or duplicity on my part, you yourself will soon be able to detect and expose me by means of the very knowledge I shall impart.

We will try Obedience, then; step number two. Do not wait until you can obey well; if you do, you will never begin. But begin now, this minute, in just the state of mind and body and life in which you are. "Any obedience is better than none."—You will then ask me—What shall I obey? I answer: All your duties are obediences. Your duties, small and great, are the Master's biddings. Consider them so, and they will be so. Believe me, until you learn to obey these biddings of His, you will have no others. "To do what He bids, is to obey Him; and to obey Him, is to approach Him. Every act of obedience is an approach, an approach to Him who is not far off, though He seems so, but close behind this visible screen of things, which hides Him from us. You have to seek His face; obedience is the only way of seeing Him."

Perhaps you will ask: Wherein is this different from Christianity, from the teachings of the churches in all ages, from the practise of holy men of all times? Who ever said it was different? When did Theosophy ever claim to stand alone? Has it not from the beginning insisted on the oneness and sameness of

all true religious teachings, placing in our hands an explanation of them, and giving to them, as to life itself, a meaning and a purpose otherwise lacking? The churches have bidden men assume this attitude towards God, but the philosopher revolts from such a lowering of the Absolute, the individualising and materialising of the Universal Spirit. Priests have often occupied such a position, in the minds of their followers. But here the relationship was essentially an exterior, not an interior one, founded upon circumstance and convention, not upon fact; and, however excellent and useful of itself, not the reality, but a foreshadowing, and reaching out for the truth.

Thus the beginning lies in a general obedience, which each one must make specific and particular, by his attitude of mind and the completeness of his attention. Let me illustrate: Some one calls to see you, whom you do not care for, interrupting your work or your leisure; say to yourself: The Master may have sent this one to me; *I will act as if He had*. Perhaps there is something I am to say to him, or something I can do. Trials, vexations, anxieties,

arise in your business, in your household; say to yourself: The Master stands watching, to see if I have gained in patience, in courage, in sympathy, since yesterday. Do you discern my meaning here? Do you perceive, further, that at first you are obedient to *your own ideal of the Master, and your own highest conceptions of duty and selflessness?* In other words, you are obedient to yourself? *No Man*, no outside power, constraining you? No forcing of your confidence, or your judgment in uncongenial channels? When the student first presents himself to the Master, which he does through his mind, in his desire to approach Him, the Master lays this first command of obedience on him, saying: "*Obey Thyself and thy highest ideal of duty.*" Now, as the student undertakes this, he learns through his obedience those things needful to bring him to the Master. For in actual fact They cannot descend to our plane. We must rise to Theirs. And each obedience is an approach. Through this obedience, the student grows into the disciple, and the disciple knows his Master, at least in part. The man becomes a disciple through obedi-

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ence to the laws of his own being. When he has learned these, he finds himself where he can see and speak with the Masters, who, through perfect obedience, have become the embodiment of Universal Law. Thus he finds that, having obeyed his Highest Self, he has obeyed the Master: they are one. And, in obeying the Master, he realises that he obeys no man, yields his will, his life, to no other will or life; but having learnt through obedience to himself, that the Master expresses the highest he is, or can become,—the conserver, the executor, the agent of Universal Law, which is God,—therefore, knowing and seeing the Master at length as He is, he obeys His slightest indicated wish, His merest look or gesture, as he has learnt before to obey himself. And so he is in truth a disciple, a servant of the Masters, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.

If the Master should descend to the student's plane, and impose obedience upon him there, what should we have, but the old, old story of priestcraft, and the degradation and darkness that have too often followed it? If, on the other hand, obedience were not required, what



should we have, but lawlessness, anarchy, selfishness, disbelief, despair and Death ?

Isolation and Obedience, these are the pillars of discipleship. But obedience is what you need to learn, and through obedience you will find Him you seek. "Out of obedience and devotion arise an habitual faith which makes Him, though unseen, a part of all our life. He will guide us in a sure path, though it be a rough one; though shadows hang upon it, yet He will be with us."

OF all the mysteries of human life the deepest and most baffling is the mystery of pain. For many of us, it constitutes the mystery of Life itself, and certainly it is the last we shall fathom, for he who understands it is more than man, and is crossing the threshold of Divinity.

The finest and highest types of men are usually those who have found it most difficult of comprehension. Judging the natural world in the light of their own compassion, they stand aghast at the vast amount of misery which a Divine Power or Law permits, knowing that if it were in their own hands they would not suffer it an instant. Thus thrown back in the highest part of their own natures upon such contradictions and inconsistencies, many have, from the best of motives, refused to believe in an overruling Providence or a future existence, and have devoted their lives to the amelioration of present conditions. This is logical and natural; and a ceaseless Why? has risen in all ages from aching hearts and bewildered minds. And still it seems that the heavens give no answer, and that all the advancement of science, all the progress

in art and industry have failed to touch the root of our perplexity. What reply have we to make to this long unanswered question?

There is not much to be said, for words appeal direct to the mind alone, and the mind has no plummet with which to fathom the depths of Soul. I doubt not, however, that the true answer is writ large all over creation, but in a hieroglyph unknown to us as yet, since its Rosetta stone remains still undiscovered. Man has come a long way upon the road of evolution, but in comparison with that which lies before him, the space already traveled is as nothing. Could we realize this fact we might find a steadier patience as well as greater hopefulness.

Indications as to the direction in which to look for a solution of our problem have never been lacking, and those of quickened intuition, who have noted these and followed their leading, have evidently found certain satisfactions and elucidations, and have left messages behind, whose purport, however, has often been found as perplexing to the ordinary intelligence as the mystery itself. Nevertheless, let us con-

sider some of these for a few moments, in a spirit of sympathetic inquiry. What may make our task more difficult is that past misconception adds its quota to the fog. In the early days of the Christian Church, for example, men thought they understood the meaning of certain of those symbols and acted upon them with the enthusiasm of young faith, only to discover later how mistaken they had been; and so the very symbols themselves came to share in the disrepute and ridicule attaching to their misunderstanding.

We must strive to clear ourselves, as far as possible, of previous conceptions, and permit a fresh breath of rising inspiration to presage the glimmer of dawn. The first statement which seems invariably to stand out from this mass of testimony both because of its startling nature and also because all agree upon it, whatever other differences may exist, is in itself a complete contradiction, no less than this,—that Pain is Joy. Few are willing to progress further in a line of investigation whose first pronouncement is in nature and form so absolutely unreasonable. And yet this is the direction we must follow; which the Saints, the

prophets, the martyrs, the seers of all times and in all religions, have unhesitatingly pointed out.

Let us consider the nature of man. We all agree in its duality, whatever other distinctions we may accept or reject, and this duality expresses itself in a higher and a lower nature, or in one that turns to the good and in one that turns to the evil, or the Soul and the flesh, as others have named it. These two seem to be in ceaseless opposition and constitute a veritable battleground, whose result, either way, appears to many without meaning. But granting this dual nature, may it not be that all the experiences and emotions of life create equally divergent effects upon either side, and that what is Pain for the one, is Joy for the other?

This is what those who have had no experience of spiritual life are unwilling to grant, and yet it is the meaning of the testimony of the Saints, given often in highly coloured and extravagant language, or under figures of rhetoric so exaggerated as to appear grotesque to our more sophisticated ears. Nevertheless, hundreds died, and died cheerfully, because of this faith; and the con-

viction which enables a man to rise above slow torture and rejoice in it, is not one to be placed indifferently aside, no matter what its outer expression may be.

One thing seems certain; that a complete reversal of all ordinary views of life and happiness must take place before such a state is possible; for the long line of Saints all testify to this, that each one of them *chose* suffering, embraced it eagerly, and recommended it as God's choicest gift to man. "Pain is necessary to holiness," writes one. Says another, "Like the cherubim, suffering carries God, which is to carry the Light itself . . . the Soul which perseveres in her patience is sooner or later clothed with a marvellous power, and ends by becoming unconquerable." This would indicate then that Pain is the Awakener and the Initiator into the higher or spiritual life, the means by which we attain the gifts of the spiritual life; that by its aid we may rid ourselves of that which symbolically we call the "flesh," and so enter a higher state of consciousness, a plenitude of power and illumination, which gives us the joy of the Blessed.

To-day this divine ecstasy, this joy of pain, is considered morbid, yet all the great teachers have inculcated it by life and doctrine. Are we, I wonder, so much wiser than they? The shadow of the Cross lies athwart human life, and by divine decree ever shall so lie until men accept its meaning. Then they will find it was indeed but a shadow, caused by the brilliance of the light streaming from the Heavenly World. I suppose it is impossible for some kinds of natures to comprehend that which is well known among disciples of certain degrees, that the delight of sacrifice is so great that they must be carefully kept from it, lest they come to do it for the pleasure they find in it, rather than impersonally; and so grow in vice rather than in virtue.

We shall be wise if we can bring ourselves to realize that our point of view is material, that we judge Joy and Pain by the standards of the "flesh," not by those of the spirit; for we shall then have taken an important step towards a juster appreciation of our difficulty. "We who cry out and complain if God but touch us sharply, how are we to understand when St. John of the Cross

tells us, that we are to love tribulation more than all good things, and are to be at home in the sufferings of Christ, and that there are Souls who would gladly pass through the agonies of death to enter deeper into God? Yet it is a blessing to know that such desires are possible to man." And if to one man, why not to all? to you and to me? There is an inspiration in such a thought, a sound like the opening of dungeon doors, or a flash from the battlements of Heaven.

May not this be part of our inheritance—the inheritance of the Saints in light? part of that wonderful portion of knowledge and power which the gradual processes of Time are leading towards: not from one blackness to another, but from glory to glory, prepared for us by a Love and Wisdom far beyond our comprehension? Surely the purposes of God for humanity were trifling if *we* could understand them!

Joy, as we know it here, is a beautiful rainbow thing, composed of a shaft of sunlight falling upon mist, which we can never grasp, over which we have no slightest control, and which any instant may vanish from our fond gaze, never



to return. This is no fit object for an immortal Soul. Lovely flashes and dreams, we may prize them if we will, as we should, indeed, note and prize each experience Life sends us, knowing that each bears some message, and is for our instruction and uplifting.

But let us not call them Joy, that sacred name which conceals the essence of God Himself; that symbol of our God-like heritage; that promise, in our longing for it, of endless satisfaction, whose divine nostalgia bears our most precious Hope.

THE relations of Master and pupil— and the training and struggle along the path which leads to the heights of adeptship, these have an interest profound. They induce thoughts which are to the mind like cool shady resting places in the fever and fret of life, or like a draught of water to thirsty lips. But though many are truly seeking, the most earnest share in the common heedlessness of the age, and overlook when they reach it, the very hint they have sought for so long. However, it is not for those who understand, but for those who do not, that I will write and rewrite, trusting that each time a new presentation may reach them, a new “voice crying in the wilderness” strike on their inner ears. Much has been said on this subject then, little understood, and this lack of understanding is largely due to the strangeness of the theme, and also that it is written in that inner language, that language of the soul, which few can read, and which it is almost impossible to translate into the vernacular of the day. For the true language is one of vibration and picture, and our common speech is only a matter of set form and memory. So that when the attempt

is made to put higher things into words, they lose their life and meaning, and become as cold and dead as the words which frame them, without energizing power, and robbed of all possibility of awakening the soul. And yet the cry continually is, to put these matters "plainly," denuded of imagery, and reduced to mathematical formula. True, they could all be expressed by mathematical terms and figures, but in those planes or divisions of mathematics where the student must exercise the highest powers of the imagination—a faculty all great mathematicians have possessed in marked degree. So I repeat, the expression of inner truths in plain everyday speech is as difficult as to put a proposition of Euclid in words a child could comprehend. An approximation therefore, is the most I can hope for, and it must not be forgotten that the "plainer" the phrase, the more the "spirit" will be lacking. Yet since the need exists the effort is made to supply it. If it fail no harm is done, and it will have succeeded if only one soul comes into closer touch with the Helpers of humanity, or obtains one fuller glimpse of the life which all must

ultimately lead, and the path along which all in time must travel.

Chêlanship then, has two main divisions, which have been called the "probationary" and the "accepted." These terms will serve as well as any others. Now "probationary chêlanship" has also two main divisions, and these divisions are in fact two stages of meditation, so that the subject of meditation is the first to be dealt with. I do not suppose that in the entire range of Theosophical thought and study, there is any subject of greater importance than this, or at the same time so little understood. It has been defined as "the cessation of active, external thought." To most that condition appears one of absolute negation, for most people live in the brain, identify themselves with its consciousness and are unable to conceive of a condition which is exclusive of active thought of some kind. To such people the first step is plain; they must learn to do this—they must learn to meditate. And therefore so much stress has been laid upon daily meditation, for until a man meditates daily and regularly he can go no further. The beginnings of chêlanship lie in this, and

in what grows out of it. The first effort then must be to take a regular time each day, and concentrate the mind upon some one thing, something of a spiritual and elevating nature, something which will give food to the soul, though in the beginning this will be more of a *mental discipline* than anything else; for it is not easy absolutely to concentrate the mind, and it usually takes much time, persistence and patience to accomplish it. When, however, this is accomplished, when the man has learned to concentrate his mind on any given subject, then as he daily practises this, he will attain during his periods of meditation that conscious condition, which is the true meditation, the "cessation from active, external thought." In this condition the mind is used *as an instrument*, the man's consciousness remaining behind or above it. In this way the man attains a *higher state of consciousness*, one which when it becomes habitual enables him to enter into communication with the Masters, and all who function on those higher planes of being. At first he learns to do this at stated times; gradually he learns to do it always, so that in the true sense he is always meditating.

No matter how the body or the mind be employed, the true center of consciousness is never lost; the mind will be the man's instrument, and instead of identifying himself with the mind, mental activity will be carried on without his losing the consciousness of the real "I" in it.

This state of continual meditation constitutes the second degree; for when the disciple has reached it he finds his master waiting, and thereupon becomes an "accepted chêla." Under this heading of "probationary chêlaship" I have not discussed purification, but that I think almost goes without saying as a *sine qua non*, and there is nothing that accomplishes this as meditation does. "As a man thinks so he becomes." Meditation on a virtue causes it to spring up in the heart; meditation on the Master causes one to grow into His likeness, the likeness of the perfected man. And no man whose thoughts are always pure and high will be guilty of mean, low or sinful acts. These two, therefore, this effort of continual meditation, accompanied by practise, the living out in the life what one thinks in the mind, constitute the *preparation for chêlaship*

or the probationary degree. And all of this the man must accomplish *entirely alone and unaided*. As the babe must learn to eat and digest for itself, though the loving care which surrounds it would help and save in every way, so with the neophyte in occultism (what St. Paul has called "babes in Christ"); there are certain steps he must take alone, certain things in which no one can aid him, however great the love and compassion which may long to do so. And this fact, that until these steps are taken, these certain things accomplished for himself, the Master can do nothing for him, must be realized and its full meaning faced and accepted. For we cannot reach the Masters until we penetrate their plane. When we have so done, we find, each one finds his Master waiting.

And this is no figure of speech, as some have taken it to be. When a man reaches his own Soul, he reaches the Master truly, for the "Master Soul is one," and so the Soul is often spoken of as the Master. But the Masters are living men, and the chéla is regularly taught and trained by his Master after he has been accepted, just as any pupil

is by any teacher. So faith is needed. For a man can hardly hope to reach and communicate with those whose actual existence he doubts, and after a certain point the help and training of a Teacher is essential for further spiritual development. Until this point is reached however, the man must work alone, for how long depending entirely upon the length of time he may require to attain the indicated conditions. At the risk of being wearisome I must repeat this again and yet again, for *no one* seems to comprehend it, and all complain over it at some stage or other, which they would not do if they appreciated the inevitableness of it. Therefore this is in very truth a path of difficulty, for as he makes his first demands upon the Law, as he makes his first efforts towards another life, certain trials are sure to meet him. This demand and this effort have two sure results. They first of all arouse his whole nature, bring to the surface all that is in him, both of bad and good, and thus he finds himself assailed by an hundred faults and temptations which he has never known previously. Secondly his demand upon the Law brings the Law upon him. Before he can be an ac-



cepted chêla his past Karma must descend upon him and be measureably exhausted. So that just when he is striving to lead a better and a purer life, he finds troubles, difficulties, sorrows, and burdens of all kinds descending upon him, and it is in the midst of this turmoil and struggle that he must teach himself, unaided, the control of mind and heart, and enter into that more spiritual condition known as continual meditation.

Blessed he who continues unfaltering to the end. This is the just and merciful Law, and one can easily see that it must be this way and no other. With the gradual unfoldment of time, the orderly progression of the ages, all will know and enter into these conditions, slowly, step by step, climbing the ladder of life. But he who determines to seize his heritage now, by main force, can expect only a fierce combat, for he takes with one blow what others will toil for through centuries.

Of accepted chêlaship little has been told. What need? The Master instructs his disciples then, and those who have not reached that stage, are wiser to concern themselves with the needs

and aspirations of their own condition. The eastern books tell us of four divisions, and give them names. After these stages are passed the man is "more than man," and if he choose aright at that great day of choice, then "all Nature's wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim: Joy unto ye, O men of Myalba. A pilgrim hath returned back 'from the other shore'; a new Arhan is born."

IMMORTAL life and immortal hope are the keynotes of Theosophy: eternal progress and eternal joy our most clearly defined facts. When our books address the sensualist, or the man of the world, they depict this path of endeavour as one of woe,—for woe indeed it would mean to him until his higher nature woke to life. And they do this, not to entice him to this path, but to warn him from it, bidding him wait until the eternal progress of the ages will have brought him to another desire and another sense of life. It may appear a hard saying, but all this woe and agony belong to the veriest tyro,—to him who has not yet taken the first step. We are bidden to “grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air,”—not by a painful process of uprooting. This agony is “a phantasmal outer form of horror” which we have built up for ourselves: the reality is “faith, hope and love,” the “song of life.” “Life itself has speech, and is never silent. And its utterance is not *as you that are deaf* may suppose, a cry; it is a song.”

Only that which is ephemeral is ever

sad. All brief-lived things bear on them this sure sign of overshadowing nothingness. We may take comfort for our sorrows in this thought; and Theosophy is misunderstood if construed to teach that pain is anything but an illusion,—the shadow of the reality, which is joy.





















